

XL

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by [luckylkeyou](#)

Summary

When George finally meets Dream in person he realizes just how big he really is. Tall, broad shoulders, large hands—just big in every sense of the word, and George can't seem to get over it.

Notes

my brain: soo strength kink or size kink for this one
me:both

George knows that Dream is tall. He knows because Dream has said it multiple times just to rub it in George's face. He knows because Dream complains about how he's too tall to fit under the shower head. He knows because he's seen pictures of Dream standing next to his family, his head peaking high above everyone else's. George knows he's tall.

But that doesn't stop the complete shock he gets when they meet in person. They rush to each other in the airport, Dream wrapping him in a warm embrace. When George leans back, he has to crane his head up to see Dream's face. Dream isn't hugging him particularly tight, but George feels like he can't breathe with how Dream's entire body is smothering him. He's *big*.

And George knows he's strong, too. He played football in high school, of course he's strong.

He insists on carrying George's luggage, all four bags to be precise, even despite George's

protests. He tells George that he can handle it, that George must be tired from his flight. He doesn't even struggle to carry the heavy luggage, picking it up as if it's as light as a feather. George pretends he's not staring at the way Dream's arms flex while he's carrying the luggage.

George has known he's had feelings for Dream for a while, but it has only been recently when he has started having thoughts like... *that*. It started with imagining wearing Dream's hoodie, to squeezing his legs together when he hears Dream's morning voice on a call, and then he finally gave in when he jacked off after watching a video Dream sent of his hands opening a package George mailed to him, George imagining those hands on himself the whole time.

And now with Dream packing his luggage into his car and sliding in the driver's seat, he can see those big hands in person, gripping the steering wheel. George always thought it was a bit silly when people would gush about how hot men look when they're reversing their car, but as Dream puts one hand on George's seat and the other on the wheel, turning his body to look behind him and reversing, George thinks he can understand now.

It's weird seeing Dream in person. Of course he's seen him in photos and facetimes before, but the fact that he's here, sitting right next to George, driving him to his house, feels so different. George is entranced by the way Dream moves, the subtle shift of his body, his hands changing position on the steering wheel. It's not necessarily anything special, but it's different seeing him in person. It's like George can barely comprehend the fact that he's real.

When they pull up to Dream's house—their house, George has to keep reminding himself—Dream reluctantly lets George carry two of the bags so that he has a free hand to unlock the front door.

It's surreal to think that they're actually moving in together. They have joked about it for a long time, George once telling his stream that the number one thing he wants most in the world is a plane ticket to Dream's house, but he never thought it would actually happen. Yet here he is, dragging his luggage up to Dream's spare room, now his room. He flops down on the bed, shoving his face into the mattress.

"The moving truck is supposed to be here in a few hours to drop off the rest of your belongings and stuff," Dream informs him.

George groans into the sheets.

"I don't want to deal with all those boxes," he complains. Dream laughs at him.

"Listen, I'll handle all of it if you want me to."

"Fine by me," George says, rolling over on the bed to meet Dream's eyes.

The way Dream is standing at the edge of the bed and looking down at George has butterflies swelling in his stomach. Dream is not even that close, but it still feels like he's looming over George, staring down at him. He gulps and sits up quickly.

"I'm gonna start unpacking my clothes," George says.

"Alright, I'll let you know when the mover gets here," Dream replies, walking out. George sighs in relief.

...

"Dream, you don't have to do everything yourself, I can help."

“George, what did I tell you earlier? I said I will take care of everything,” Dream says, picking up a box and walking it to the door.

George bites his lip while looking at the amount of boxes left to bring inside. He walks over and hooks his fingers underneath one of them and tries to pick it up, but as he stands up the weight makes his knees wobble as he struggles to take a step forward.

“Woah, be careful!” Dream says, quickly snatching the box from George’s arms. He easily takes it from George’s grasp, holding it like it’s nothing. George gapes because he knows that box is heavy as fuck, but Dream shows absolutely no sign of struggle. Hauling all these boxes inside seems so easy for Dream, he doesn’t even bat an eyelash at it. George imagines how easy it would be for Dream to pick him up and—

He quickly shakes his head to clear his mind. This is definitely not the time to be having thoughts like that. George still wants to help Dream even just a little bit, so he begins to gather the lighter boxes and take them inside.

They finally unload everything from the truck into the house, and Dream thanks the driver. He jogs over to George, laughing slightly.

“What's so funny?” George asks.

“The truck driver, I think he thought we were uh— together?” Dream says. “He says he always likes helping couples move in with each other.”

George has to force himself to laugh like he thinks it’s funny when in reality his breath catches in his throat. He wishes that the truck driver was right.

“That's weird,” he says instead.

Suddenly, George yelps as Dream’s hands grab underneath his back and his knees, sweeping him up and holding him bridal style. He quickly wraps his arms around Dream’s neck to hold himself steady and avoid falling.

“*Dream!*” George shouts as Dream walks up to the front door, George still in his arms. “What the fuck are you doing?”

“I'm carrying you over the threshold!” He says, trying to contain his laughter.

Dream kicks the already unlatched door open with his foot, walking inside. He then deposits George safely on the ground, looking at him with an insufferable grin on his face.

“We’re not *married*, you don’t have to carry me over the threshold,” George says indignantly, his face burning red.

“Oh c’mon, we probably just made the truck driver’s day!”

George quickly shuts the door in embarrassment.

“You’re so fucking stupid, Dream,” he huffs, turning his head down to try to hide his blushing face. He stalks off to his bedroom and begins to organize the various boxes.

George tries to ignore the heat pooling in his stomach as he thinks about what Dream just did. He picked George up like it was absolutely *nothing*, not struggling at all even if he had just carried dozens of heavy boxes for the past half-hour. Dream’s body was warm and George could even

smell his cologne as he carried him gently. George thinks about just how easy it would be for Dream to hold him down, to use his strength against him.

Dream walks in the room where George is sitting on the floor, unpacking the boxes. George doesn't lift his head to look at Dream just so that he won't see George's red face.

"Hey..." Dream begins in a careful tone. "I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable."

Shit, now Dream feels bad. George wouldn't say uncomfortable is the right word, more like horny, but he exactly can't say that to Dream. He can't tell Dream that when he picked George up with ease, he started imagining how effortlessly Dream could pick him up, wrap George's legs around his waist, and pin him to the wall.

"It's fine, I was just embarrassed," George mumbles.

"I know we joke around a lot, but tell me if I ever make you uncomfortable, okay?"

George nods his head. He doesn't think anything Dream could do would make him uncomfortable, instead it just sends him falling more head over heels than before.

...

Living with Dream has been hell. Not in a bad way necessarily, but in a way that has had George sexually frustrated for the past four months.

George can't stop noticing Dream. He can't *not* notice him. Dream is so tall and broad and his hands are so *big*, George thinks he's losing his mind. He stares as Dream's hands grab various items, engulfing them in his grasp. George thinks about how easy even just one of Dream's hands could wrap around George's wrists and pin them above his head.

It's the most random, innocent stuff that has George's brain malfunctioning every time Dream does it.

George is standing in their kitchen, straining to reach a stupid glass. It's his fault for not washing the dishes yet, so the only glass left in the cabinet is one on the very top shelf. He stands on his tip toes and reaches his fingers out as far as he can to reach the glass, but it's still too far back on the shelf.

He's nearly about to resort to climbing on the counter to reach it when he feels a warm presence behind him. George's heart just about stops when he feels Dream right behind him, leaning over him and practically trapping him against the counter. His broad shoulders are caging in George's body, almost completely covering him. Dream's right hand comes up and grabs the glass off the shelf, quickly pulling away from George and handing it to him with a grin.

"I thought you might've needed some help," Dream teases.

"I almost had it," George lies through his teeth, quickly snatching the glass from his hand and slipping out from where Dream had trapped him against the counter, trying his best to calm his rapid heartbeat.

Dream shrugs and walks off, returning to whatever he was doing. George shifts uncomfortably and tries to force down the hot arousal pooling in his body at the thought of what just happened. God, it was so much easier when George only ever saw Dream over the phone and didn't have to deal with his stupidly attractive body in person.

The arousal isn't going away any time soon, so George makes his way towards the bathroom to take a cold shower, the glass on the counter completely forgotten.

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The cold water plus George forcing himself to think of anything other than Dream seems to calm him down initially, but when he gets out of the shower it all proves useless.

After he dries off and starts to put on the clothes he brought into the bathroom, George realizes one of Dream's hoodies had somehow gotten into his laundry. George could just go to his closet and get one of his own hoodies, but he honestly doesn't want to. His curiosity has him picking up Dream's hoodie and hesitantly pulling it over his head and down onto his body.

George feels overwhelmed as he looks at himself in the mirror. It's not outrageously huge, but it obviously doesn't fit him. The sleeves go down a little bit further than he's used to and the extra fabric in the torso is apparent when he holds his arms out. It's almost like a loose blanket covering him rather than a fitted hoodie.

George feels ashamed as he gently grabs the fabric and brings it up to his nose. He inhales and nearly moans as he smells Dream's scent. So much for that cold shower.

When George steps out of the bathroom, he bumps into Dream.

"Sorry Georgie, I didn't see you there," Dream says with an easygoing tone. The nickname makes George feel weird.

"It's okay."

Dream begins to say something, and then he stops.

"Is that my hoodie?"

George's eyes widen. When he put it on he didn't even think about Dream seeing him wearing it.

"Um, I guess so. It was in my closet, so I uh—I guess it must've been put there accidentally," George stutters. "I can give it back to you if you want me to."

Dream smiles and says, "Nah, it's alright. It looks good on you anyways."

George is left dumbfounded as Dream walks off into his room, shutting the door behind himself. He doesn't even know what to think, Dream just said he *looks good* in his hoodie?

In a daze, George walks to his own room. He lies down on the bed and rubs his face. Does Dream even know what he is doing to George? It's so unfair.

As he drags his hand across his face, he can smell the scent of the sleeve of the hoodie against his nose. It's embarrassing how George's cock throbs as he inhales deeper. He grabs the collar of the hoodie and pulls it up to his nose so he can smell it even better. George's hand creeps downwards until his fingers are resting on his waistband.

Dream would probably be disgusted at how George is shamelessly breathing in his scent and dipping his hand past the waistband of his shorts, sliding underneath his underwear. He lets out a soft moan as he finally wraps his fingers around his cock.

George tries to imagine that it's Dream's hand instead of his. Dream's hand would be bigger, it

would almost engulf George's dick entirely. He would stroke George slowly, rub his thumb along the slit and make him whimper. His other hand would gently touch George's body all over, running along his stomach and thighs, leaving chills everywhere he touches.

And then Dream would push those long fingers inside him. George moans into the fabric of Dream's hoodie as he imagines Dream fingering him, opening him up. His fingers would probably go so much deeper, touch him so much better than George could ever do himself. He would stretch George open on his fingers until he's whimpering into the sheets, begging for more. And then he would push inside and—

George lets out a muffled cry as he comes into his hand. As he shudders through his orgasm, he's embarrassed at how quickly he came. It didn't take much more than the smell of Dream's hoodie and the thought of his hands to have George coming in his pants like a teenager.

As he comes out of his post-climax haze, the shame starts to creep up on him. He feels so guilty that he just jacked off in Dream's hoodie. The sexual frustration George has been having to deal with ever since he moved in with Dream has been building up, and it's only a matter of time before his resolve breaks completely.

...

George quietly opens Dream's door, entering the dark room. It's a little past midnight and George can't sleep, so he has been watching Dream's stream for the past hour in bed. Finally, he got tired of listening to the delay between Dream screaming in the room next to his and the sound finally playing from the twitch stream, so he decided to sneak into Dream's room and watch him there.

As he walks in, he can see that Dream hasn't noticed him. He has his headphones on and is busy talking to sapnap, so he didn't even hear George open the door. A mischievous idea pops into George's brain, and he slowly creeps up behind Dream.

He waits until he's standing directly behind Dream in his gaming chair before suddenly grabbing Dream's shoulders and shouting "boo!" in his ear.

Dream screams and flips around to look at George, his face morphing from shock to anger.

"George, what the fuck!" he shouts while George laughs at him. "Stop laughing, it's not funny."

George's giggles don't stop as Dream huffs and turns back around in his computer chair, complaining to Sapnap about how George just attacked him.

"Do you mind if I watch you?" George asks, and Dream shakes his head. George sits down on Dream's bed, crossing his legs and watching Dream's computer screen.

He doesn't know how long he sits there and watches Dream streaming, but eventually the sleepiness starts to set in. The room is dark enough and Dream's voice is soothing enough that he doesn't even notice it when he lays down at the foot of Dream's bed and starts to nod off.

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George wakes up to the sound of a shutter clicking and Dream's muffled laughter.

He slowly sits up and rubs at his eyes. Judging by the pitch blackness outside, it's still in the middle of the night. The room is illuminated by Dream's idle monitor and a single lamp next to his bed. Dream must have finished his stream. George looks up and sees Dream standing in front of him with his phone out.

“Did you just take a picture of me?” George mumbles sleepily.

“No,” Dream says with a smile that says otherwise.

George leans forward and reaches for Dream’s phone, quickly snatching it out of his hand. He turns it around to see a photo of himself lying on Dream’s bed, fast asleep. In the photo, his hair is sticking up in all different directions and his mouth is slightly ajar.

“What the hell, Dream!” George huffs and goes to delete the unflattering photo, but Dream is already lunging forward to try and grab his phone out of George’s hands.

George quickly shifts backwards on the bed to get away from Dream, still holding his phone and trying to delete the photo. Dream climbs on the bed and crawls towards George as he tries to grab the phone.

“Don’t delete it, it’s cute!” Dream shouts, and George doesn’t have time to think about the implications of those words as he desperately tries to prevent Dream from taking the phone.

Dream practically tackles George, wrestling him to get to the phone. George holds the phone to his chest and rolls over on his stomach, sandwiching it between his body and the bed. Dream quickly snakes his hands underneath George to try to reach it and George has to resist the urge to laugh at the ticklish sensations, but he holds tight.

Suddenly, Dream hooks one hand underneath George and forcefully flips him over so that he’s on his back. George’s stomach flutters at the swiftness and ease that Dream flipped him over with. As Dream begins to wrestle the phone out of George’s grip, in a last ditch effort George sticks it out as far as he can above his head and shifts backwards in order to prevent Dream from reaching it. It proves useless, though, when Dream quickly climbs up the bed, crawling on top of George’s body completely and reaching up to grab the phone. He easily pins George’s wrist down with one hand and snatches it out with the other hand. Dream quickly slides the retrieved phone in his back pocket, and George is suddenly hyper aware of the position they’re in.

Both of them are breathing heavily from wrestling each other. Dream is hovering over George, caging him in on the bed, his hand still pinning George’s down wrist above him. Dream stares at him, and George can feel himself burning from the inside out at the way Dream is covering George’s entire body with his.

“Dream, let me go,” George says with a flushed face.

Dream seems to be oblivious to the situation he’s putting George in, because he just holds George down harder. George fights the urge to whimper as Dream’s grip on his wrist tightens.

“C'mon, Georgie, you’re not getting away that easily!” Dream teases, lighthearted and playful while having no clue of the internal conflict going on in George’s head right now.

George feels completely overwhelmed at the sensation of Dream caging him in. He starts squirming underneath Dream’s grasp in a weak attempt to get out but Dream holds him still. George is completely immobilized underneath his grasp and the more he moves, the more firmly Dream pins him down.

“Dream, really, let go of me,” George begs, fighting Dream’s grip even harder.

George starts wriggling his legs to try and crawl out from under Dream, but suddenly Dream moves to sit on top of George’s thighs instead of hovering over him. He takes both of George’s wrists and forcefully pins them to the bed next to George’s head, one in each hand. George tries to move

again, but the bruising grip Dream has on him plus his weight holding George down has him completely at Dream's mercy.

George tries to stop it, but as Dream pins him down forcefully, he can't prevent the moan that slips out of his mouth.

Dream suddenly stills above him, his teasing smile now replaced with something akin to shock. George desperately wants to bury his face in his hands so that Dream doesn't have to see the shame on his red face, but instead he just turns his head to the side and shuts his eyes. Dream doesn't say anything for a moment, and George just wishes the ground would swallow him whole.

"George?"

George dares to open his eyes and peek at Dream's face. He has a surprised look on his face accompanied by red cheeks. Dream shifts slightly from where he's sitting on George's thighs, and to George's horror, he moans again at the friction of Dream's jeans on his now hardening cock.

George tries to pull his hands out from Dream's grip to cover his face in embarrassment, but Dream doesn't loosen his hold, making George struggle again. He's so ashamed that he's literally turned on underneath his best friend, but with the way Dream is using his strength against George, he only feels himself getting more aroused.

"Do you... like this?" Dream asks quietly.

George can't bring himself to speak so he nods instead, his head still turned away from Dream. He can hear Dream let out a heavy exhale.

"Can I... can I kiss you?"

George's head snaps forward so he can see Dream's face. Dream looks unsure and hesitant, his expression a sharp contrast to the way his strong arms are still pinning George down. George swallows hard and nods.

George feels like he's being smothered by Dream's broad body as he leans down and gently presses his lips to George's. The kiss is careful and soft, their lips meeting briefly before Dream pulls back. George wants to whine at the brevity of the kiss but he's not that desperate—yet.

"Was that okay?" Dream whispers.

It was *more* than okay. George can barely comprehend that his best friend, the man who has been inadvertently turning him on every day for the past four months, the man who George has had a crush on for even longer than that, had actually just leaned down and kissed him. George feels like he's about to combust.

"Y-yeah, it was okay," George says breathily.

"More?" Dream asks.

George nods his head immediately.

Dream leans down and takes George's lips once again, this time with more confidence. George fights the urge to whine against Dream's mouth as he gently bites at George's lower lip. Their kissing loses the careful, gentle motions they began with as they both get more desperate and lick into each other's mouths. A sense of accomplishment fills George when he nibbles on Dream's lip and causes a soft noise to spill out of said man's mouth. Dream gives him a few more chaste kisses

before finally pulling back. He's so gorgeous as he looks down at George with dilated pupils, his freckled cheeks flushed and his lips swollen and red.

The playful smile Dream had earlier suddenly replaces his dazed expression, and before George realizes it, Dream rocks his hips against George's roughly. Another moan escapes his mouth before he can stifle it, and he glares up at Dream.

"Good?" Dream asks as if he doesn't already know the answer.

George has almost forgotten that Dream has his wrists pinned to the bed until he tries to move. While they were kissing he had gone completely pliant and boneless against Dream, melting into his touch.

"Are you going to let go of my wrists?"

The corner of Dream's mouth quirks up. "Something tells me you don't want me to."

George wants to protest, but he's right.

"Do you want me to hold you down?" Dream asks with a smile, readjusting his grip on George's wrists. George tries to lean up to capture Dream's mouth in a kiss again just so he can get him to shut up, but he's shoved back down onto the bed. George feels arousal course through his veins at the singular action.

"Dream, you really don't know what you're doing to me," George complains as he bites back a moan.

"Really?" Dream asks, rolling his hips into George once more, making George hiss at the stimulation. "Tell me, then."

"God, you're just— you're just so *big*," George breathes out. He can see Dream's eyes visibly darken at the statement. "You're so strong, too. Every day I would think about how easily you could hold me down."

"I never thought you were into that," Dream confesses. "I never thought you were into *me*."

"How could I not be? Your hands, your height, your muscles, *fuck*," George has to stifle a moan just thinking about it. "When you picked me up the first day I moved in, you carried me like I weighed nothing. I couldn't tell you how many times I've come just thinking about you picking me up like that and pushing me against the wall."

"God, that's so hot," Dream groans. "If I had known that, I would have done this a long time ago."

Dream takes his grip on George's wrists and puts his hands above his head, encircling both of his wrists with one large hand and holding them still. He takes his free hand and snakes it underneath George's shirt. George feels goosebumps erupt on his skin at Dream's cold fingertips grazing his abdomen. They wind upwards underneath his shirt until they're feeling up George's chest. Dream's thumb rests carefully just to the side of George's nipple.

"Can I?" Dream asks.

"God, yes."

His thumb ghosts over George's nipple and it makes him gasp and squirm. His cold fingers play with him gently, and George never thought he would be into this kind of stimulation, but any touch

from Dream feels good. He writhes under Dream's touch and jerks his hips upward in hopes of some kind of friction.

"Be patient," Dream murmurs.

"I've been patient for the past four months, please just do *something*," George pleads desperately.

"What do you want me to do, Georgie?" Dream asks, his hand still thumbing at George's nipple, this time on the other side.

"Don't make me say it..." George whines. He's already embarrassed himself plenty enough tonight.

"I won't know what you want unless you say it," Dream says with an infuriating smile that George wants to kiss right off his face.

"Please..." George closes his eyes. "Please fuck me."

"There you go," Dream praises, and George doesn't want to admit how hot he finds the praise.

Dream suddenly crawls off of George and he has to hold back a whine at the loss of warmth and pressure. He watches Dream as he digs through various drawers in his nightstand before pulling out a bottle of lube. A weight settles in George's stomach as he realizes they're really about to do this.

Dream crawls back on the bed, tossing the bottle of lube on the mattress. He presses his fingers hesitantly at George's waistband and looks up at him for permission. George quickly nods, and Dream pulls his pants and underwear off of his legs, tossing them carelessly into the floor. Dream doesn't take off his own clothes yet, but George can see the bulge starting to form under his jeans. He bites his lip.

Dream takes a pillow and gestures for George to sit up, tucking it behind him to prop him up carefully. George's heart pounds; he didn't expect Dream to be so caring, but it's not unwelcome.

"Are you ready?" Dream asks, slicking his fingers up with lube.

"Yes, *please*."

As Dream pushes in his first finger, George can already feel the difference. He's so used to his own hands, even just one of Dream's fingers feels like two of his own. Dream's fingers are so much longer, too, they press in much deeper than George is used to on his own. He relaxes as Dream gets him used to one finger, then pushes in a second slick digit. George squirms as he is slowly worked open on Dream's long fingers.

"Doing okay?" Dream asks.

"Please, I'm so good, never been better," George breathes out. "*More*, Dream."

As he pushes a third finger in, a breathy moan slips past George's lips. Dream's fingers slide in and out easily as he stretches George out, preparing him for what's to come next. Dream's long fingers suddenly prod at one spot inside of George that has him clasp a hand over his mouth as his hips jerk.

"Is that it?" Dream says with a grin.

"Yes, please please hurry up so you can fuck me," George begs, trying to push himself back against

Dream's fingers.

George whimpers as Dream's free hand grabs his hips tightly and pins them down to the bed in order to stop George's squirming. Dream's hands must be magic or something because George's cock is drooling onto his stomach without even being touched as Dream continues to stimulate his prostate.

"Fuck, Dream, your *hands*," George moans.

"What about them?" Dream asks, and George knows he's teasing, but his tongue starts to spill filthy words before he can stop it.

"They're so big—so much bigger than mine. Your fingers feel so good inside me, so deep," he whimpers between his moans. "Please, I want you inside."

Dream groans at George's words. He pulls his fingers out, leaving George feeling empty and cold, but George knows there's something better coming.

Dream pulls his shirt off over his head and now George doesn't even have to feel ashamed for blatantly staring at his body. His shoulders are so broad and George can see freckles dotting them. He ogles Dream's huge hands as they hook into his waistband, quickly tugging his pants and underwear off, leaving them on the floor along with George's discarded clothes.

As Dream shucks his pants off, George's mouth drops open.

"Jesus christ, Dream," he nearly whimpers.

Dream's cock, just like the rest of him, is *big*. George doesn't know exactly how big, but he has only ever taken toys this size—not someone's actual dick. It's the kind of thing you only see in pornos, something George never thought he'd experience in person, yet here he is, about to take all of it. The size queen inside of him is ecstatic.

George hesitantly reaches forward and wraps his fingers around Dream's dick. He moans aloud at the visual of his small hand on Dream's cock. He doesn't even move his hand yet, too entranced by the size difference. Dream's hand suddenly comes to rest on top of George's, and George feels like he might come at the sight of Dream's huge hand engulfing his own as he begins to guide George's hand up and down his cock.

"You're so fucking *big*, oh my god," George moans. "I need you to fuck me, now."

Dream grabs the lube again and slicks his cock with it. George lays back against the pillows as Dream lines himself up.

"Ready?" Dream asks.

"If you don't get your dick inside me right now, I'm going to scream," George says. The noise Dream makes is caught between a moan and a laugh at George's statement, but he complies.

A shuddering breath leaves George as Dream starts to push in. Three fingers would usually be plenty for George, but Dream is so fucking thick he's starting to wonder if they should have done a fourth. His breathing starts to speed up as he slowly gets filled up.

"Dream, it's not—it's not gonna fit," George gasps out, squirming underneath Dream. He tries to pull back, but Dream holds his hips in a bruising grip and just pulls him down further onto his cock. "You're too big, it won't fit," he whimpers.

“Stay still, we’ll make it fit,” he grunts out. Dream keeps forcing himself deeper as he holds George’s hips still. It feels like at this point he should have bottomed out, George is so *full*, but he keeps going.

George’s whole body is trembling as Dream’s hips finally, *finally* touch his ass as he bottoms out.

“O-oh my god, Dream,” George gasps as he grips Dream’s arms tightly. “Please, fuck me.”

Dream starts out by slowly pulling out and then gently pushing back in, letting George get used to his size. George thought he had taken toys this size before, but having Dream actually in him is completely different. Dream is leaning over George, caging him in with his broad body, his huge hands are grabbing George’s waist, and he’s slowly fucking in and out of George; in every sense of the word, Dream is big.

“Faster,” George pleads.

Dream instantly picks up his pace. It seemed like he was going excruciatingly slow at first for George’s comfort, but George wants him to let go and fuck him good. He thrusts into George so, so good, little moans get knocked out of his throat with every thrust.

“Look at you, took all of me no problem,” Dream coos. “I’m so proud of you.”

George’s cock throbs at Dream’s praises. Fuck Dream for appealing to George’s size kink and praise kink so well.

The drag of Dream’s cock along his walls is so good, he can feel every single inch of Dream inside him. Every time Dream goes all the way in, George can feel the breath get knocked out of him at how absolutely full he feels.

“So big,” George mumbles, half-delirious.

“But you like it, don’t you?” Dream asks with a cocky grin. “You like feeling me this deep.”

As he says those words he runs his hand across George’s stomach as if he could feel himself inside. Just the thought of that has George moaning pathetically.

“Yes, I love it,” George moans out.

“God, you’re gorgeous,” Dream says, surging forward to take George’s lips in a kiss. It’s messy as they fumble around and try to kiss even with the way George’s body is being jostled around from Dream’s rough thrusts.

“So pretty just for me. So good, letting me fuck you like this,” Dream whispers against his mouth. “Such a good boy, taking all of me so easy. Like you were made for this.”

Hot arousal spikes through George’s body at Dream’s filthy words.

“So *full*,” George whines. “You’re so big, why are you so big?”

“To hold you down while I fuck you,” Dream says like it’s obvious, taking George’s hands that were gripping his arms and pinning them down on the bed. It’s exactly like how they were earlier, with Dream forcefully holding George down on the mattress—except this time Dream is rocking his hips into George and forcing out breathy moans with every thrust.

George yelps when Dream changes his angle and his cock starts rubbing against his prostate

incessantly. He falls to pieces instantly, melting under Dream's hold.

"Right there, Georgie?" Dream asks as he continues fucking George with no mercy.

George can't do much else other than babble about how good he feels and how Dream is hitting him *right there*. He's utterly powerless as Dream uses his strength to hold him down on the bed and completely immobilize him. It's absolutely everything George wanted and more.

"I wanna come, please touch me," George pleads.

Dream's hand comes up to wrap around George's cock and his hips jerk as soon as Dream touches him. Dream's hand is so big compared to George's cock, it nearly has George coming at the sight. He barely has to move his hand to stroke George's entire shaft, his palm engulfing it.

"You're so small, Georgie," Dream says, practically voicing George's own thoughts. "So small compared to me."

George nods helplessly as Dream continues to jerk him off.

"Wanna come? Want me to make you come?" Dream whispers into his ear, his thrusts never slowing down.

"Please, please, please," George begs over and over.

As Dream drags his thumb over George's slit one more time, he comes with a moan muffled by his hand. Dream quickly drags his hand away from his mouth and strokes him slowly, milking his orgasm and listening to the pathetic whiny moans that spill from his mouth.

George whines and shoves Dream's hand away from his softening dick as the stimulation becomes too overwhelming. Dream moves to pull out of George but he immediately cries and hooks his legs together behind Dream's back.

"Don't pull out, you haven't come..."

"I don't want to overstimulate you, Georgie," Dream says.

"Don't care, you made me feel good, so I want to make you feel good." George tries to fuck himself back on Dream in lazy motions.

George waits until Dream makes eye contact with him and he looks at him through his hooded gaze, whispering, "Come inside me, please?"

Dream lets his head fall as he groans at the request. "Fine, but don't complain if you're sensitive," he huffs out before picking up where he left off.

Somehow with the extreme sensitivity Dream feels even bigger and more intense as his cock drags along George's slick walls. He doesn't slow down once, only seeming to gain more speed as he nears his orgasm. George squirms slightly at the uncomfortable sensations, but he doesn't complain. He told Dream he wouldn't complain. But even still, he can't help the way he writhes underneath Dream in overstimulation.

Dream seems to have enough of his squirming as he grips George's hips tight enough to leave bruises, holding him still as he uses his body to chase his climax.

"You're so perfect, taking me so, so well," Dream praises under his breath. "I'm gonna come,

baby, gonna come inside you.”

George can only nod and hook his legs behind Dream’s back once more, trying to force him as deep as he can go. Dream finally comes with a deep moan, and George smiles as he feels Dream fill him up with his come. Even if George is wore out and entirely too sensitive, it’s so fucking *good*.

When Dream pulls out, George feels so empty. He can feel the come leaking from inside him and he can see Dream blatantly staring at it, so he shuts his legs in embarrassment. Dream just laughs at him.

“After all this, you’re embarrassed?” he says incredulously.

“Post-nut clarity,” is all George says, covering his red face with his arm. Dream just scoffs.

“I’ll be right back, I’m gonna get something to clean you off.”

George lies there with his arm covering his eyes until Dream gets back, then he dares to peek at him. He watches as Dream carefully takes a wet rag and wipes George’s come off his stomach, then going down and wiping off the excess lube and come on his ass. He feels butterflies as he watches Dream gently clean him off.

George rolls over onto his side as Dream crawls onto the bed next to him.

“So... size kink?” Dream says, and George smacks his shoulder.

“Ugh, you liked it too,” he huffs.

“Yeah, I did,” Dream says with a soft smile on his face.

George doesn’t really know how to feel as he and Dream lie there just looking at each other. He’s so handsome, even with his flush extending down to his chest and his sweaty hair sticking to his forehead. George doesn’t want this to be a one time thing, or even a friends with benefits thing, he wants more. But he’s not really sure if that’s what Dream wants, too.

Dream seems to notice his deep thinking, so he quickly snaps him out of it.

“C’mon, it’s late. Let’s get some rest and talk in the morning.”

George nods, and he moves to get out of Dream’s bed and go to his bedroom, but Dream stops him.

“You can sleep in here tonight.”

George nods with a pounding heart and climbs under Dream’s covers. It smells like him. Dream leans up to turn off his bedside lamp, and they fall asleep together in the darkness of Dream’s room.

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